







## Poetry.

For Zion's Herald.

**PLEA FOR THE INVALID.**  
Be patient with the invalid,  
For she has very few  
Of all the rich and varied joys,  
The God has given to you.  
She sees with wistful eyes how free  
And buoyantly you move—  
Ah! let her never feel the need  
Of sympathy and love.

The glad blue skies are smiling fair  
Upon your flowing way;  
She hears your jocund speech and laugh,  
Your little birds are at play;  
And her brother, sterner still, doth strive  
To have a wistful regret.

That she may not taste the joys  
She never can forget.

It is no light, no trivial thing,  
To have a wistful regret.

Pale languor or prostrated pain,  
With eyes instead of tears, —

To be cast off from all that's bright  
And beautiful on earth,

And her beyond her solitude  
The light fresh tones of mirth.

But he is while in this glorious world  
Of all the world forgot,

And strolls with dire regrets;

For this to mar our not;

But O, there is a keener pang  
That deeper founts have stirred—

The cool neglect of weared friends,

The careless, unkind word!

Be patient with the invalid;  
You cannot know how sweet  
And priceless is each glance of love  
Her weary eyes may meet.

She treasures every tender tone  
As 'twere a jewel;

Each gen'le act of kindness done,

As wealth beyond compare.

Be patient with the invalid;

Far better when ye rest,

When death, that stern expected friend,

Comes to the lonely heart,

For better she doth think of hours

In a dying kindess spent,

Than o'er the memories of the past

All vainly to repeat.

Fain, bravely borne and long endured,

Will conquer her at times;

Then tell her a happier world;

Point to those glorious climes

That smile a little farther on,

Where sister seraphs wait

To welcome her, all purified

Within the pearly gate.

Be patient with the invalid;

In health well prized and dear;

Pity the poor unfortunate

So doomed to suffer here.

A wife, a mother she may be,

A gentle sister fair;

Be patient with the stricken one

Committed to thy care.

Diamond Hill, R. I.

HARMONY.

Zion's Herald.

LINES

Dedicated to the Memory of Mrs. Lydia A. Bliss.

How can we mourn for thee  
Who art so greatly lost!

Whose throbbing heart from sorrow free  
Doth now so sweetly rest.

"Tis past—the strength o'er—

The suffering frame's at rest;

And wint'ry winds their requiems sing  
Above thy quiet breast.

But spirit! art thou art thou?

Not in the grave so lone;

There was not end in that cold form,

There was not answer, none;

Come from those pale cold lips,

No kiss of love returned;

No beaming eye whose radiant light,

With holy friendship burned.

Twas but the earthly house,

The dust to dust was given;

The soul though once in dust enshrin'd

Now lives in yonder heaven!

Another radiant star,

Another spirit form,

Another gold of heart,

With fire immortal warm'd.

O spirit! thou art thou?

God's own eternal Son?

Whose eyes are a fiery flame,

And o'er whose golden throne

A rainbow circles round;

With emerald hues of light,

As "jasper" and as "sardine stone,"

Most gloriously bright?

Has seen the "sea of glass,"

Whose gentle crystal wave

Transports and purest white,

With liquid nectars sweet?

The forms of earth-born ones,

That rise through Jesus' name,

Whose robes are washed and purified,

By the stoning Lamb?

O! spirit, thy to be!

Tame, ture thy harp and sing,

And let our hearts, still joined with thine,

Our grateful tribute bring.

Well strew thy grave with flowers,

The choicest and most rare,

And sweet spring birds will come and sing

Their lovely sonnets there.

Springfield, 1859.

B. S. HALL.

Sketches.

HON. JOB SMITH'S LETTERS.

January.

Dear Sister MARTHA.—Your welcome letter, with the accompanying book and parcel, put me in fine time, and I have had great pleasure that you are not very lonely in the absence of your old bachelor brother. I think I miss your presence and thoughtful attention, and I have been more than a little anxious, and I don't half enjoy my writing paper because I do not hear the cheerful click of your knitting needles. Sorry the cold is upon the coldest. Well, I have scythed my head and raked every corner of my brain till the ink is dry in my pen, and I have not said a word of anything that will interest you, or that has interested me. I suppose we shouldn't be paid to be here, if we were not necessary, but what we are to do here, is a mystery. It has happened nearly every day that when I have been eating my dinner at the table, I have sat down at the piano, and I have written a chapter or two in my book, and a number of books under his arm, marching dry bread or crackers at a side table. Every succeeding day that I have seen him there, I have had less and less appetite, and his thin face has kept awake half the night, after you, know, that he is properly fed and cared for, and that the cold is willing to graze.

You say I do not write anything about the Legislature and its doings. Well, I have scythed my head and raked every corner of my brain till the ink is dry in my pen, and I have not said a word of anything that will interest you, or that has interested me. I suppose we shouldn't be paid to be here, if we were not necessary, but what we are to do here, is a mystery. It has happened nearly every day that when I have been eating my dinner at the table, I have sat down at the piano, and I have written a chapter or two in my book, and a number of books under his arm, marching dry bread or crackers at a side table. Every succeeding day that I have seen him there, I have had less and less appetite, and his thin face has kept awake half the night, after you, know,

that he is properly fed and cared for, and that the cold is willing to graze. So last Thursday morning I made up my mind that I wouldn't stand it any longer, but would look up another, and I have a word in the Senate, though I feel quite free of trouble in my head, and didn't once doze. I hated to give up the old place, for Healey does it right, and I do it right. At last I began to think that I had imagined a fresh, and where there was none. "Don't be a fool, Job," says I to myself,

## ZION'S HERALD AND

## WESLEYAN JOURNAL, MARCH 9, 1859.

Adv. 17 Long

BREAD-STUFFS, which they call the attention of

Twenty-five hundred barrels WHEAT FLOUR, various

varieties, Wheat Meal or Graham Flour, Rye Flour, Buckwheat Flour, White Corn Meal, and Samp, Cracked Wheat, or Ground Peat Barley, Oats, Corn Starch, and Hockings.

F. D. BROWN &amp; CO., Boston, Mass.

G. H. BRIGGS, Secretary.

March 2

W. G. BOWLEAD &amp; CO., No. 17 Long

W. G. BOWLEAD, have for sale the following articles

ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THE BERKSHIRE LIFE INS. CO.

1st. The rating of Premiums are those which careful

consideration has led to, and are the most abundant

and safe investments required by the Charter to be in

such securities as are permitted in Savings Banks.

2d. The Premiums amount to \$35, twenty-five per

cent of the Premiums, which is the largest per cent

5th. Surplus distributed every five years. The last dividend, Sept. 4, 1858, was 20 per cent. of each year.

Office in Pittsfield, and agents in Boston, Mass.

G. H. BRIGGS, Secretary.

March 24

W. G. BOWLEAD, Attention to the following

Statement of James G. Blaik, Esq., one of the largest Furniture Dealers in the United States, Washington, D. C.

Twenty-five hundred barrels of WHEAT FLOUR, various

varieties, Wheat Meal or Graham Flour, Rye Flour, Buckwheat Flour, White Corn Meal, and Samp, Cracked Wheat, or Ground Peat Barley, Oats, Corn Starch, and Hockings.

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